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DISSENT AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

RADICALISM AND REVOLUTION

By E. L. Allen

MORE than one Continental observer of the British religious scene has expressed the same bewilderment one of our sportsmen would feel were he to see with his own eyes a Cup final in which a crack professional team was beaten 4-0 by amateurs. How is it, he asks, that the British Churches, so disgracefully Pelagian in their theology, have yet been so much more effective as a social force than the orthodox Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the Continent? Someone seems to have broken all the rules! The position is even worse from his point of view. For it is precisely the bodies that he would regard as the gravest offenders, the Quakers and the Unitarians, who have done most to infuse the Christian spirit into the life of their people.

There are several good studies of the Quaker influence, and Principal R. V. Holt's *The Unitarian Contribution to Social Progress*, now in its second edition (Lindsey Press, 16s.), performs a similar service for his own communion. While packed with information, much of it not easily accessible otherwise, it is interestingly written, and strives throughout to be fair, not claiming more than is due nor glossing over failures. There are excellent pen-portraits of a few individuals, notably the manufacturer Fielden and the scientist-theologian Priestley. It is made clear that ideas are a force for social change and that men do not always act as their group-interests seem to require. We carry away from the book a vivid impression of a succession of men who dared to follow their individual judgment and who, though often among the prosperous themselves, could not remain silent in face of wrong. These are the pioneers who cleared the forest and made the open country in which we live today.

Individuals and the State

It is not difficult to explain this association of religious dissent with political and social radicalism, especially when we remember for how long a period dissent was subject to grave disabilities. A theology that challenges traditional authorities would surely predispose men to question institutions that have nothing but age to commend them. But one of the most striking features of the present day is the attempt that is often made to combine radicalism in politics with a revived orthodoxy in theology. The old gibe that the Church of England is the Conservative Party at prayer has been exchanged for the new accusation, sometimes made at least half seriously, that it is the Communist Party at Mass. In the work of Reinhold Niebuhr the doctrine of original sin, employed for centuries in the service of repression, is utilised to sanction policies whose derivation from Marx is avowed. How is such a change to be accounted for?

One explanation, to my mind, is the very success of the Free Churches. After generations of struggle, they have at last arrived. No social position to which a Nonconformist might aspire today but is open to him. To press for further change might actually be against his interest. One is reminded of Gide's story of how, on his visit to Moscow, he addressed a group of intellectuals and found in the middle of his speech that his audience suddenly froze! One of them whispered to him afterwards: "You spoke of the revolutionary spirit of Communism. That word 'revolution' is forbidden in Russia!" A successful radical wants to become a gentleman and send his son to Eton.

That, of course, is only one half of the explanation. It accounts for the weakening of the radical spirit within dissent. But why the swing of this same spirit towards orthodoxy? It is largely due to something to which Principal Holt calls our attention more than once. The last two centuries saw the emergence in our society of problems that can only be dealt with by effort on the part of the organised community, in other words, the State. The strength of the old Unitarianism was in its individualism, while solidarity is the keynote of the new era. Hence men think in fresh terms and seek arguments that appeal to the mentality of the day. The Anglo-Catholic grounds his social policies in the corporate nature of the Church as the Body of Christ, Niebuhr voices the mood of those who are sure that the times, society, and so on are desperately sick.

Working-class Power

There is yet another factor of perhaps even greater importance. Our theology and our politics were until quite recently very largely middle-class in their origin. Today power has fallen to the working-class. While in our country these two classes have sufficient in the way of common standards to prevent open conflict, the fact remains that they represent two distinct moral attitudes. The middle-class ethic is individualistic, the working-class social. Anyone who doubts that has only to look at the trade union movement and the co-operative societies,

both through and through of the workers. The professional man works hard to get on, to rise to the top; the first commandment of the manual worker is to stand by his mates.

We have entered therefore a form of society in which, by force of the needs that have developed with technology and a mass-population as well as by the rise of the workers to power, social solidarity takes the place formerly occupied by individual enterprise. Is there any place in this order for the individualism that lent moral greatness to many of the characters described by Principal Holt? His own account of Joseph Chamberlain provides a vivid and convincing illustration of the change that has come over us. The radical mayor of Birmingham, once a teacher in a Unitarian Sunday School, ends his career as the symbol of Imperialism and bequeathes to posterity the party caucus!

It is certainly too soon to suppose that the struggle so long waged to maintain the rights of conscience against the State has become antiquated. It is quite true that the extension of the central power has not been attended in our country by the curtailment of personal liberty that so often accompanies it elsewhere. But may that not be due in large measure to the existence among us of a long tradition in which radical Dissent never failed to remind the executive that there are limits to its powers? Were that tradition weakened beyond a certain point, can we be sure that liberty would not be in peril? We shall always need to mount guard against what might happen in some grave economic crisis, to suspect the uses to which the present-day means of manipulating public opinion may yet be put.

Co-operating with Like Minds

Again, only the spirit to which this book bears witness can preserve us from a dangerous misunderstanding of that ethic of solidarity which is likely to govern our future. As Principal Holt points out, the individualism he describes was one accompanied by a clear sense of social responsibility. We today are tempted to think of solidarity as an arrangement by which we are provided for, instead of as an effort we must continually maintain. It does not mean that my brother is my keeper, but that I am his. We must not get into the position of the Knights of St. John on Malta when, as Coleridge tells the story, they decided to collect a library of books on military science by each member contributing a volume, only to find that, as nobody possessed a book of this kind, the library that ensued had none! Can solidarity have substance without individual initiative?

This implies, of course, that the individualism of the future will have to be exercised not by fighting a lonely battle, but by co-operating with others of a like mind to secure definite objectives. One of the most interesting and valuable features of Principal Holt's book is that he brings out how organisation and propaganda came naturally to be required and utilised to secure social changes. Co-operation with others means accepting the limits set to group action, especially within the sphere of politics, as the price that has to be paid for a greater strength than one's own. But the history of radical Dissent is a reminder that conscience has rights above those of the group, and that while a man may surrender his opinion for the sake of common action, he may not surrender his soul.

Loyalties that Transcend the Nation

Finally, the words "social progress" need to be given a wider reference today. The story this book tells includes indications enough that our fathers were aware that there are loyalties that transcend the nation. One thinks of their attitude to the French Revolution and the slave trade, for example. But our society is wider than theirs, since it includes all mankind. The ethic of solidarity may not be confined within one nation. The refugees in our midst are a constant reminder of that. If we have won the battle for political reform, there is a campaign for peace that will enlist all our energies. The day is yet far distant when there will be no wrongs to be righted, no need therefore for the courageous, unselfish, and far-sighted individual.

THE CHURCH AND IDEALS

By Victor Fox

(The following are extracts from a paper read by Mr. Fox at the Ministers' Conference at Great Hucklow, in September.)

A MEMBER of one of my congregations once said to me concerning a sentence in a sermon, "Of course, that is the sort of thing one expects to hear from the pulpit, but no sensible person takes it seriously." Such frankness is uncommon, but I fear the views are not. Few of us believe in our values with the same passion as the Communist, for instance, believes in his. If we did, we should show greater urgency in finding and making those practical adjustments that would extend their power and embody their beauty.

The actual adjustments now being made in the world are made chiefly by pressure groups seeking their own advantage. Trade unions and National Governments tend to become pressure groups of this kind. This will always be so while those who believe in eternal and universal values do not believe in them sufficiently to serve them earnestly and faithfully. It is because the Communists are so determined, at all costs, to realise their ideals that they win the support of so many young people today. Youth rightly asks the Church, not, "What ideals do you stand for?" but rather, "What does religion require me to do with my life and how can religion help me to do it?" or, in other words, "How can the ideal be established?"

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There is no doubt that all drastic adjustments meet with strong opposition from human prejudice, obstinacy and selfishness. The fierce resistance shown to the abolition of slavery, to the introduction of the mildest and most obviously necessary factory legislation, and to granting permission to students to enter Oxford University without signing the 39 Articles, is but a small part of the evidence for this unfortunate fact.

Now the main task of the Christian Church is to remove and destroy all the prejudice, obstinacy and selfishness that hinder the achievement of human values. Nevertheless, no Church has ever made this its principal aim. In fact, few of us are able to recognise, or willing to admit, that any prejudice, obstinacy or selfishness in ourselves may possibly prevent necessary adjustments in the affairs of the world. Yet, in this respect, almost all have sinned and come short of the Glory of God. We all wish to live above our earning capacity and are ready to do so at the expense of others. We resist the demands of justice when they threaten our own privileges. I wish I could be quite sure that I would accept, approve and loyally assist any reform that would further the public welfare, even though it should be to my personal disadvantage. Yet this is the very essence of Christianity. A Christian is required to love his neighbour as himself, and to consider his neighbour's welfare as important as his own. He is expected to crucify all the prejudice, obstinacy and selfishness in his own mind, because they stand in the way of the coming of the Kingdom of God.

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Ruskin urgently desired to change society in accordance with the ideals he perceived. "No other man that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falseness and baseness that Ruskin has and every man ought to have," was the testimony of Carlyle. But he was bitterly disappointed, and driven almost to despair. He complained that when he used all his eloquence to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," people merely replied, "What beautiful English he writes!" He became, one writer declares, in words not to be quoted lightly, "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, smitten of God and afflicted, cut off from the land of the living."

H. G. Wells was very eager to achieve those practical adjustments necessary to save society from poverty, confusion and war. Apart from his novels he wrote many books on ways to improve man's life on earth. His remarkable "History of the World" was definitely intended to provide guidance and

inspiration to practical idealists. Yet he lost hope at the end. He feared that human intelligence had "come to the end of its tether," and that the forces against progress were too strong to be overcome. He had ceased to believe in God, even in "God, the Invisible King," and belief in man is hard to sustain without belief in God.

Count Tolstoy went through the same experience of frustration. He was desperately eager to recommend practical adjustments to his fellow men, and to make them in his own life. As a result, he found himself in conflict with his wife, with the Russian Church, with the Government, and with elements within himself. It is this which makes his life and death such a painful tragedy.

There are also a few pessimists in our own movement—men driven to despair not only about our small and decreasing group of churches, but about the fate of the human race.

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Yet those who believe in God should never lose heart. If, "It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do His good pleasure" when we attempt to make the ideal a practical reality, then we know that, "Our work is not in vain in the Lord." No static ideal is achievable or desirable. But it is now possible for all men to have enough to eat, and somewhere to live, and medical attention when necessary, and some degree of education, and free access to knowledge, and a few glimpses into the magic world of Beauty, and protection from Dictatorship, and freedom of speech and worship, and a reasonable amount of leisure, and a measure of religious experience. Every step we take in these directions is of value in and for itself. It would be a simple matter to show that some progress has been made. I will mention one fact only. In a biography of Arthur Henderson I read that, "In 1870, in Glasgow, 50 per cent of the children died before reaching the age of five." Think of all that this implies, not only of the fact itself.

If we gladly recognise progress in the past, and if we can still believe in God—a God in some measure revealed in our human values (which for us indicate the will of God, and are, in fact, guaranteed by God) we can certainly maintain a reasonable hope for the future of mankind.

OUT OF DISAPPOINTMENT—PROMISE

By Lester C. Lewis

(This is the first of a series of articles from America giving an American point of view upon the ideas which have arisen out of the Conference of the International Association for Religious Freedom, held in Oxford in August. The Rev. Lester Clark Lewis is the minister of the Unitarian Society of New Haven, Connecticut.)

TO evaluate such a stirring and concentrated event as the Oxford conference of the I.A.R.F., where barriers of language and the cultural frames of thought stood in our way, is not easy—especially in a few words. Had it not been for my week at Amsterdam in 1949, with many of the same people, and ten days with the Executive Committee at Star Island in 1951, I am sure that I should now be as disappointed with the results of Oxford as are many of my American friends. For all of them there was, I believe, the great delight in recognising one's spiritual kin which was so beautifully put in the Inquirer editorial of October 18, inviting us all to make real the invisible church.

Our disappointment, I find, stems from two causes. The conference proceeded immediately to great abstractions—authority, freedom, Marxist interpretation of history, and such, rather than to define the problem in down-to-earth terms. (I found "Jim" Adams' paper an excellent start at *that*.) Secondly, we felt a great waste of the power of the conference—probably because we did not use nearly all of the skills which are available for group thinking. There was great compassion for and understanding of the human venture. I hope we all realise that in thinking together a creation of new ideas and attitudes, new motivations go on, probably a far greater creation than in thinking apart. To achieve that new creation, we need to bring out the contributions of every single member and every stimulus that one member (or more) can be to another; generally to use and improve such approaches as I believe the executive committee found good—even in these early exploratory stages—at Star Island.

The Scientific Ideal

Consider my contacts with Americans whom I consider deeply religious; and my attempts to interpret Oxford to my own congregation. This week I had a rich (spiritual) experience in preparing with a professor of medicine to give a panel discussion before young adults on the subject "Science and Religion—Partners or Enemies." I found this man, who had grown up in a Jewish tradition and also was influenced strongly by his study of medicine and of psychoanalysis, to have an understanding of people far above that of many of my liberal friends. Early in our interview he said, "You know, I have been interested in the subject because whenever I find a man of deeply scientific spirit I find him also deeply religious." We, he and I and many at Oxford, find the scientific experience, pursued to maturity, perhaps the most available path for modern man to religious maturity. And I have to compare that with the scorn of some of my Oxford friends for science, and their wish to "demolish the scientific idol."

The Tyranny of Words and Theologies

Then again I find my people in New Haven, who are professors in the social sciences, of child study, social workers, and their wives, all engaged in working out the religious method in human relations. Their religious experience is equal to mine; and I feel equal to most of the experiences which my European colleagues have had. Yet our I.A.R.F. friends who are continental theologians, on the whole in their abstraction, seem to be saying that what I find to be a high type of religious life among my people is not a very religious experience.

Now I have several times resolved such difficulties of understanding with Professor Buri face to face. Moreover, I know from his thorough understanding of and enthusiasm for Albert Schweitzer—which enthusiasm I share—that we should very soon—if face to face—arrive at an agreement which would probably be richer than our separate thoughts. So I am sure that among us liberals—it undoubtedly works both ways across the ocean—there is a very real tyranny of words and theologies to be overthrown, barriers which separate us too much and too often.

I do believe that there are many among us who truly misunderstand science, the usefulness of science, science as the outstanding modern revelation. I do believe with Pastor Babel, that there was great basic truth in the 19th century liberalism which must be built upon. I should like, without delay, to work out with our I.A.R.F. friends some enthusiasm for more mature attitudes toward these two great human enterprises, more energy to ripen them that they may contribute more to the religion of our time.

The Inquirer project in collecting Swiss, English, American and other views is very valuable for this reason—and because we are experiencing through it the same fresh creativity that we experience when we are together. I have gathered strength from each view so far published. But each of them has stirred me, too, to some disappointment which in turn stirs me to cry out "Let's get on fast and responsibly with this liberal way of life."

Let us then, when we speak of Oxford, not confine ourselves to theology. Why can we not deal more directly with reality? Now that we have such excellent functioning sections of the I.A.R.F. let us talk about them. Is not real religion closer to good religious education, good science, good action in the social, political, economic field; to most careful appreciation of other world religions than it is to theology itself?

Group Thinking

Now this raises the whole question of method in liberal religion. And I believe we are just coming to a great period

because we shall be conscious of working with a good method and improving that method. That method includes not only encouragement to each individual and stimuli from the scientific method but also using the processes of group thinking. I believe that a good deal of this group thinking was effective at Oxford as well as at Star Island; and I know it was at our retreat this week of the Greenfield group of Unitarian ministers. Of course, we are improving that method daily. This goes deep, really. This means that instead of encouraging real individualism only, we encourage real individualism plus real relatedness to people which has been lacking in liberalism of the past. We have been falling into the rut of the orthodox method, particularly in theology. No longer do we want our life and thought marred by this method. And we need some international language of the spirit which goes to deeper purpose and speaks at deeper levels, so that when we are together (or more important, corresponding) we are not infinitely bothered by the needs of translating, not alone language, but also strategy. We had better learn to speak to modern man unclassified as Swiss, English, American or even as a Protestant and without reference to a special dialect of religion. When we have done that, we shall speak to far more men.

We are grateful to the officers and all participants at Oxford. All these things needful to us are being woven into the I.A.R.F.—but so slowly! For us with our sense of responsibility for humanity's future, there must be a good possibility of leaping ahead because now, we resolutely see our way, and resolutely strike off some old shackles.

The following is a translation of a poem by Rabindranath Tagore. It is the first translation into English of this poem, and it has been done specially for the Inquirer by Mr. J. N. Set, a distinguished member of the Brahmo Samaj. Next week we shall print another poem.

LET THAT BE

If through the dark misery the rays
of your beneficent grace penetrate,
let that be.

If death brings nearer
your immortality,
let that be.

If in lighting up the candle before you
my sorrow is enkindled,
let that be.

If my tears awaken your tender love
for me,
let that be.

MEN OF THE EAST (4)

HARI PRASAD SHASTRI; HINDU SCHOLAR

By Arthur Peacock

ON a recent Saturday three hundred people, many of them young university students, spent a day in a London hall where a one-day school on Yoga and meditation was held.

We met in "The Shanti-Sedan," the centre from which Dr. Shastri directs his work, holds lectures and meditation meetings.

It was, Dr. Shastri reminded me, nearly twenty-five years ago since he and I first met. He was then fresh to this country following residence in Japan where he had held several important university appointments and where he had spent much time in translation of Oriental literature.

"Tell me, doctor," I said, "what made you come to this country and what has led you to stay among us so long?"

"As you know," he answered, "I was educated in India and enjoyed special facilities for the study of Chinese, Japanese and Persian classics. Then I took up educational appointments, edited the Hasdeon edition of the Buddhist scriptures, which is now the standard Chinese edition, and translated the Analects of Confucius into Hindi. Then in 1929 it was urged upon me by my teacher, Shri Dadaji, Maharaj of Aligarh, that I should come to this country and here I have remained."

"Did you come," I asked, "with the intent to establish a new organisation, a religious group?"

"Not at all," replied Dr. Shastri, "my main purpose in coming was to give the people of the West the teachings of Adhyatma Yoga and to deepen their interest in the inspiring classics of ancient Hinduism. In order to do this effectively we established this centre—The Shanti-Sedan. Here I live and work. There is a library and lecture hall. A meditation room used solely for that purpose. The centre has been maintained and equipped by those interested in the various studies. There is no form of membership; no financial charges. Our concern is with things of the spirit and we try to carry out our day-to-day work in harmony with it."

"Tell me, doctor," I proceeded, "what kind of people come? Are they people moved by a spirit of curiosity, out for something new or are they real earnest students?"

"We have people of all kinds, all classes in our meetings and study groups. Some are Hindus striving to grasp the essentials of their faith; some are Muslims who seek a deepening of their personal devotional life; others are Christian men and women. In fact many are Christian people."

"Are they practising Christians," I asked, "or disgruntled Christians? People who for one reason or other have come out of one of the churches?"

"We have many practising Christians," replied Dr. Shastri, "who come to learn about meditation. We have others who are Christians by tradition but who find it impossible to accept the dogmas of organised Christianity. I have been told very often by such people that our classes here help them to be better Christians."

"Are you suggesting then," I asked, "that there is something inadequate in contemporary Christian teaching and that these people find this seeming inadequacy met by the techniques that form part of the Hindu teaching?"

"Yes, I think that is true," came the reply. "Many people are unhappy about the narrowness of contemporary Christian teaching which demands of the individual acceptance of a body of doctrine or particular rites and ceremonies. Traditional forms of church worship have also lost their significance for many people. Such are not irreligious. They have faith but the church fails to give them real help in their personal devotional life. They turn to the meditation practices such as are taught here and their own faith is strengthened."

"Could they not find within the Christian Church help of this kind? The Quakers, for instance, have maintained the sacrament of silence for several centuries. There is a whole body of devotional literature in the Christian tradition. Are the Christian people who come to you unaware of it?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "They are not unaware of it. Why, regularly in our devotional meetings we make use of the Fourth Gospel. We study 'The Imitation of Christ' and similar works of Christian devotion. Here, we are in no sense narrow or sectarian. Our aim is to serve. All that we teach here aims at harmonising the emotions with reason; at helping people to gain tranquillity of mind. This is central to our teaching; this has not been central in Christian teaching and that accounts for people's growing interest in the ancient teachings of classical Hinduism."

"You said growing interest," I interrupted. "Does that mean you are finding a bigger company of students and larger audiences at lectures."

"We have been engaged in this work now for nearly twenty-five years and our centre has become widely known. I have about a dozen students, all university graduates, and they too take classes regularly in other places. We have many requests from groups wishing for talks on different aspects of religion. Our publications, many of them translations of Hindu classics such as the Ramayana of Valmiki and The Holy Vasishta are being widely read. There is a real thirst for spiritual truth and earnest students are turning increasingly to the wisdom of the East."

"You stress your concern is solely with Adhyatma Yoga. Could you briefly explain its essential character?"

"Adhyatma Yoga," replied the Hindu scholar, "is concerned solely with the spiritual. There are yoga practices that deal with the mind and with the purely physical. They are outside of our sphere. In our Shanti-Sedan work we concentrate on deepening the devotional life. Adhyatma Yoga leads the student towards self-control, mental discipline, the overcoming of anger, greed and conceit, and in obtaining a really strong devotion to the Lord. It leads to a genuine love of God."

I began to feel that I had, by my questioning, taken up too much of the valuable time of this gifted Hindu teacher. On his desk was the completed manuscript of another translation on which he had been working for many months and which had reached its final stage just prior to my call. I suggested it was time to go.

With characteristic Oriental courtesy Dr. Shastri insisted on my taking coffee with him, and as our interview became less formal so he talked of the Inquirer, of its former editor, the late Leslie Belton who visited Shanti-Sedan on one of his last London visits, and of his personal debt in his studies to the writings both of Martineau and Channing.

As I took my leave I ventured to ask if he ever felt an urge to return to his homeland or whether he felt he would remain with us always.

He looked at me and quietly answered "It shall be as the Lord says."

In a few minutes I was back in one of London's crowded thoroughfares, struggling to mount an omnibus to take me home. I thought of the peace and serenity of the Shanti-Sedan meditation room, in which I had stood just a little before.

It seemed as if I had come from another world.

SPECIAL MISSION

By F. W. M. Quigley

THE bungalow I was looking for stood just above a ridge joining Officer's Hill to Soldier's Hill. From it you could see the mountain railway running down to the plains and in the opposite direction, range after range of hills culminating in the white barrier of the Himalayas.

On my nearer approach I was brought up sharp by two things: one, a Roman rather pagan name common enough in the west of Ireland but rarely encountered elsewhere—FESTUS—luridly inscribed in henna across one wall of the building; the other, a young Brahmin in very white garments, apparently the present tenant, of whom I had no previous intimation, as I had supposed the bungalow to be as empty as almost all the others of the deserted cantonment.

The Brahmin sat very still in a deck chair, looking it seemed at everything and nothing: at the splendid panorama of mountains or unseeingly in contemplation beyond these. He showed no sign of awareness until I spoke.

I introduced myself, somewhat hesitatingly intruding on his reverie, "Do you mind if I look around?" I asked.

"Not at all," he said in perfect English.

"I was here," I said by way of explanation, "as a small boy some 23 years ago and have returned now to arrange for a stone to be placed on the grave of my sister as I am leaving India. The name inscribed across that wall is my name—I do not know who wrote it; it was quite a shock to see it!"

"I often wondered," said the Brahmin, "how that name came to be inscribed there—it is such a strange name too. Of course you may go over the place; I have no objection—go into any room you like." He smiled pleasantly and turning away resumed his reverie.

I stood for a moment taking stock of the place. It seemed quite unchanged: tin roofed, built in grey stone, a verandah running along the front. I remembered the din of monsoon rain on the tin roof: the chained puppy the leopard carried away—snapping the chain in his pounce: I remembered the night my infant sister died in the next room and the four tall Dublin Fusiliers carrying her small white coffin down to the cemetery.

Now, as I entered this room I saw the Brahmin's stringed cot, a table and chair, and covering the walls highly coloured prints of gods and goddesses—many limbed, gesticulating. With a feeling of estrangement I was absorbing these details when I suddenly became aware I was no longer alone—a very old servant had entered, his rheumy eye surveying me with grave speculation. "You are Chandhu," I said, for it was none other than Chandhu, our old servant. I told him who I was and remembrance flooded into his eyes. "Ayee!" he exclaimed in wonderment, recalling the ten-year-old boy, "the chota-sahib!"

He showed me around the remaining rooms chatting avidly about the old days, but when I told him of the nature of my mission he became grave and silent, he had nothing to say, for he had had several wives and had lost several children—death was too familiar! "Yes," he confirmed, there was a Padre Sahib in the station, though few other Europeans—he pointed out the Padre's bungalow. From the Padre I hoped to get the number of the grave and it was he, I hoped, who would arrange the erection of the stone I had ordered, for I would not then be present myself.

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The old order changeth, I thought, as I took my leave of the Brahmin captain. We both belonged to India, for I had been born there and had served in it long enough to love it: but it was really his country—his roots were deep and ancient and now he was come into his inheritance. He had a future in this great dusty land and for me there was the remembrance of things past, a process I was already beginning with the memorial to my small sister.

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The graveyards of India are full of stories: Ensigns, Colour Sergeants, Drummers, Bengal Lancers, Connaught Rangers are all recorded there and echo in the memory. I savoured their archaic flavour of military adventure as I made my way to the Children's Corner. Suddenly I was confronted by two stones different from all the others because they bore only the names and the ages—they were very young—of the men they commemorated. No ranks, no regiments were shown: no regret, no pious sentiment found expression on these stones. It was as if in death these men had been stripped of all that contributed to their humanity: as if these omissions implied the indifference or suspended verdict of society. I knew their story; I had heard it as a little boy more than once: they were mutineers!

It was with relief that I came at last to my sister's grave, for I was able to picture in my mind the memorial I would have placed over it and this supplanted the painful impression created by the dead mutineers. The stone would last all my days. Through wind and weather it would record her brief span, her innocence; and though I would never see it or pass that way again, I felt comforted.

A NEW YEAR'S SUNDAY

By Isombe

IT all happened nearly fifty years ago, but I still remember that New Year's Sunday. I was due to make my monthly visit to a dear little chapel in the country. For a long time I had been egging myself on to attempt a sermon without manuscript. I felt that reading an essay was not preaching, and that I must bring myself to speak and not to read. Now a New Year's address seemed to offer a favourable opportunity to make a start, so I prepared myself during the week to give a cheerful talk reminding my hearers of the coming of brighter days and pleading for brighter lives to match them. In other words, I would give what in these days would be called a cheerful pep talk.

The day opened with disaster. My landlady forgot to call me. Hastily I dressed and, breakfastless, ran all the way down the hill to Chalk Farm station, where I jumped panting into the train as it started to move. So far so good. I settled down to achieve normal breathing and by Dalston Junction I was feeling ready to smile. But then something went wrong. For twenty minutes the train was kept waiting. Nobody seemed to mind. Apparently I was the only person in a hurry that morning. Impatiently I thought of the train I had to catch at London Bridge, and as the minutes passed my chance of catching it seemed more and more remote. However, the train started off at last and arrived at Broad Street. Then I leapt from the train and resumed my run, past the ticket collector, through the deserted City streets, across London Bridge, and into the station. My train was, of course, at the platform most remote from the booking office, but, glory be, I managed it, dashed past the ticket collector as he started to close the barrier, and jumped into the hindmost compartment of the moving train. How my heart throbbed, how my lungs panted, how I wished I had trained myself to run! But I had done it, and, as time passed, I told myself "Something attempted, something done, has earned a—" yes, a little light refreshment. I would get a bun or something at the refreshment room at the station where I changed into the local train.

Arrived at that station I made my way at once to the refreshment room. It was closed. It was Sunday, and travellers were not expected to require refreshment on a Sunday. Then I had another idea. I found an automatic machine and slipped the first of a handful of pennies into a slot under the legend "Chocolate." The drawer came out empty. The supply was exhausted. Matches, yes, but chocolate, no! Well, I could take it, so I moved on to the local train and in due course arrived at my station. The lovely two-mile walk in the crisp downland air was enjoyable, but it did make wish I had not missed my breakfast.

However, the chapel was reached in good style. As usual, the congregation had assembled outside for a chat until the minister turned the corner of the lane, when they moved inside to take their favourite places. The secretary met me on the path through the graveyard. At once he broke the news to me. Three of their little band had died since the last service. Could I possibly introduce a suitable note into the service? He had taken the liberty of choosing other hymns than those I had suggested and he hoped I would not mind. Naturally, I was much distressed at the loss of so many of the little flock, whom I had come to regard as friends, and I promised to do my best.

A more experienced hand would probably have found little difficulty in translating the ideas I had been meditating into a sort of parable of the death of the body and the release of the soul, but I was an inexpert layman and unready of speech. At this distance of time I have only a hazy memory of a profound feeling of failure. However, people were very kind to me, and I am sure now that they had been thinking of their lost friends and not attending over much to the halting speech of the young fellow in the pulpit.

A very charming lady took me home to lunch with a couple of friends whom she had invited to meet me. How I looked forward to that lunch, and how my eyes must have goggled as I looked at the lovely chicken and the crisp salad on my plate! Lunch commenced, and the first morsel I placed in my mouth was a piece of tomato—an innocent looking piece of fresh, firm, tomato. But was it innocent? No, a thousand times, no! The skin of that piece of tomato detached itself and slyly insinuated itself into a key position. I coughed. I continued to cough. Nothing would dislodge that piece of skin. At last my kind hostess led me into another room and left me with a glass of water. From time to time she looked in, but found me still coughing helplessly. Without my knowledge she sent for the doctor, but he was not available. Gradually, my coughing lessened and at last ceased. But by that time it was too late to do more than apologise to my hostess and hurry off to catch my return train. I caught it all right and chose the Victoria portion, because I knew of a nice restaurant near that station, but was not sure of what facilities were to be found at London Bridge.

THE INQUIRER

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NEWS REVIEW

Cinema

The Telecinema, so popular on the South Bank during the Festival of Britain, has now become the National Film Theatre, and although some programmes are open only to members of the British Film Institute, quite a number can be seen by the public. The aim of the sponsors is to show the best of the old, the best of the new, plus some experimental films. For their Christmas season they have reconstructed a programme similar to any being shown in the small cinemas in 1915, including the Newsreel current at the time.

For the first-war generation it makes nostalgic amusement, complete with a musical trio in place of the usual stream-lined sound track, and the drama, *The Road to Ruin*, now provides hilarity instead of a moral lesson. What an age has passed since 1915!

A Convention in Geneva

Next year it will be 400 years ago that Michael Servetus, a many-sided Spanish scholar, was burnt at the stake for his religious beliefs.

Sebastian Costellio was moved by this to write: "De Haereticis," a book in which the persecution of heretics is investigated, and condemned on moral-religious motives. Through this, the idea of tolerance was advocated on a larger scale for the first time in history.

These facts will be commemorated in a conference in Geneva, August 20-23, 1953, organised by the International Castellio Committee and the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom (I.A.R.F.). The local group in Geneva will act as hostess. Some public addresses on tolerance and its influence are scheduled for the evening sessions. Furthermore, the Executive Committee of the I.A.R.F. plans to hold its annual meetings in connection with this commemoration. In a special section a number of historians will go into some problems more extensively.

For further details, write to the I.A.R.F. Secretariat, 32 Riouwstraat, The Hague, Holland.

Brighton: The Women's League of Christ Church (Unitarian), New Road, organised a very successful Sale of Work, which was opened by Mrs. John Rowland, the wife of the Pastor, on December 6. This produced a very useful addition to church funds and also enabled many people to get attractive and unusual Christmas presents. Christ Church is conducting the experiment of having a carol service from 8 to 9 p.m. on Christmas Eve. In the New Year, the church is starting a Literary Society, which will meet once a month from January to April, the meetings being from 7.30 to 9 p.m. and to be addressed by various well-known figures in the literary world. The opening meeting, on January 19, will be to hear a talk by Mr. J. C. Trewin, the well-known dramatic critic. Later meetings will be addressed by Mr. L. A. G. Strong, Mr. Waveney Girvan (a publisher, who will speak on "Problems of Publishing"), and Lady Mander.

Liverpool: Bootle Free Church: They do not stand on ceremony at Bootle. Practical people, when they hold a Sale of Work, as on December 13 last, it is a "Sale" and it is "Work," without trimmings of "Chairman" or "Opener." You have to "hang saxpence" at the door, where Mrs. E. Murren keeps watch and ward and thereafter you are free of the various stalls, mostly officered by young folk and displaying a varied choice of astonishing bargains. Refreshments, served with promptitude and despatch, grace and cheeriness, lent a pleasant atmosphere, while youth and age coalesced in a spirit of emulation. One near-octogenarian contrived to drop a sixpenny piece on the floor and invited the help of a golden-haired maiden of perhaps three summers to retrieve it. That she did and forthwith bolted, like any snatch-and-grab-raider, but doubtless eventually the sixpence went to the establishment of the triumphant total of £70, which was announced as the sum of the day's endeavour.

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1952

ABERDEEN, Unitarian Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY
AINSWORTH, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. GILL
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE
ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 11 and 6.30, ——

BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. F. TERRY
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Rev. H. J. McLACHLAN
BIDDLES GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. J. KIRLEY
BILLINGHURST, Free Church, South Street, 11.15, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, Bessborough Road, 6.30, Rev. EDGAR W. HILL
BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON STUART 6.30, Mr. T. DOVEY
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church, and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath 6.30,
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. D. JONES
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11, Mr. G. ATKINS
BOLTON, Bank Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. GORDON DAVIES
BOLTON, Halliwell Road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. MAW
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR J. LONG
BOSTON (Lincs.), Spain Lane Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. C. SIMPSON
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. L. REDFERN
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. A. BULLOCK
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORDELL
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES
BRIGHTON, Christ Church Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. JOHN ROWLAND
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES
BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, Clifton, 11, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES, 6.30, Supply
BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Rev. W. HILL WARRING
BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE

CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER
CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church (also 11, First Sunday in the month) 6.30, Mr. L. A. GRIBBLE
CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne Street, 2.15, Sunday School 6.30, Rev. ROBERT H. WILLIAMSON
CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hamond Hill, 3, Mr. JAMES NICHOLSON
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. STANLEY PETERS
CROWHURST CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN
COSELEY, Staffs, Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. C. WHITEMAN
CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Rev. E. D. EVANS
CREWKERNE, Unitarian Church, Hermitage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKEN
CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Road, 11, Rev. J. P. CHALK (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)

DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY. STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY
DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL
DERBY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Mr. T. GREGORY
DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, No Service
DONCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON
DOVER, Adrian Street, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. ETHEL KAY
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. SCOTT L. JOHNSTON
DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY P. WHITEHOUSE

EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. TAVENER
EXETER, George's Chapel, South St., 6.30, Supply

GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. ALEXANDER REID
GLOSSOP, Unitarian Church, Fitzalan St., 10.45 and 6.30, Supply
GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS

HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN STORER
HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. PAYNE
HASTINGS, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENISON HILTON
HECKLEY, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. E. T. PUTIN
HORSHAM, Worthing Road, 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL
HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam Street, 6.30, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS
HULL, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 6.30, Rev. RALPH PHILIPSON

IPSWICH, Friars Street, 11, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate Street, 6.30,
ISLE OF WIGHT, Newport, Unitarian Christian Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. CARTER

KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11, Mrs. E. A. DUCKWORTH, 6.30, Supply
KNUTSFORD, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STANLEY MORSE.
KNUTSFORD, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. WHITAKER

LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. L. HALL
LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Dr. R. W. WILDE
LEICESTER, Narborough Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mr. C. V. WALTON
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, East Bond Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LEONARD MASON
LETCHWORTH, Vaughan Hall, Gernon Walk, 11, Local Arrangements
LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Dr. H. W. STEPHENSON
LINCOLN, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Supply
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART, 6.30, Mr. DAVID PATTERSON
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw Free Church, 6.30, ——
LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. KERR MUIRHEAD
LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Mr. A. S. MOORE
LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Road, Everton, 6.30, Rev. R. L. GOLLAND
LIVERPOOL, Hope Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. GLYN MORGAN
LIVERPOOL, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. SOMERVELL PRICE
LONDON, Hall Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LOWE
LONDON, Hackbridge Mission and Stansfield Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. MAYFORD
LONDON, Brixton, Effra Road, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE
LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30 Rev. J. C. HALLIWELL
LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 Rev. JOHN CADBY.
LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Own Service
LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Dr. MAURICE ROWE
LONDON, Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. W. WASSERVOGEL
LONDON, Mill Hill High Road, 6.30, Rev. J. KIRLEY
LONDON, Mission, Hackney Unitarian Church, Upper Street, Preston Hill, 7, Rev. V. FOX
LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Christian Church, Quex Road, 11, Rev. V. FOX
LONDON, Lewisham, Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Rev. ROBERT TAYLOR
LONDON, Leyton, 120 Ridge Road, Kenrin Green, 6.30, Rev. G. E. HALE
LONDON, Mansfield Street Church, Rathbone Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DRAKELY
LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. G. E. HALE
LONDON, Stamford, West Ham Lane Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. C. NEWTON
LONDON, Wandsworth, Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK (also 6.30 First Sunday in the Month)
LONDON Theistic Church, 28 Bell Street, Edgware Road, Services Suspended
LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Ch. at Highgate Hill Unitarian Ch., 1st and 3rd Sunday
LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON
LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Ansdell), Unitarian Church, Channing Road, 11 and 6.30 Rev. H. CRABTREE

MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON
MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Student
MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRED KENWORTHY
MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 6.30, Rev. J. PIPKIN
MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTER
MANCHESTER, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS
MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Mr. T. W. ROBERTS
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER
MANCHESTER, Renshaw Street Mission, 6.30, Rev. A. J. HEALE
MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. D. FOOTE
MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-Cum-Hardy, 6.30, Rev. A. E. POTTS
MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30, Supply
MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT
MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31 Stockport Road, 3 each Sunday
MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES
MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 6.30, Rev. JOHN EVANS
MORECAMBE (see Lancaster)
MORETONHAMPSTEAD, 3, NEWTON ABBOT, 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOONE
MOSSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Road, 10.45 and 6, Mr. EDRIC SHAW
NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Supply
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30 Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES
NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Ch., 2, Candlelight Service, 6, Rev. E. B. SHORT
NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road Church, 11, Miss J. MEAD
NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY
NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM
OLDBURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11, Children's Service, 6.30 Rev. H. A GORE
OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL
OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Rev. L. A. GARRARD
PADIHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight's Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. HILL WARRING
PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH
PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Centre, Houndiscombe Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. KERSLEY
POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11.15, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. ERNEST PEROS
PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. J R. STURGES
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. ALUN WILLIAMS
RINGWOOD, Hants, The Meeting House, 6.30, ——
ROCHDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. BEER.
ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. MILLAR
SALE, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. WILLIAM DYER
SCARBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 10.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS
SHEFFIELD (Attercliffe), 6.30, Supply (Carol Service)
SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. SOKELL
SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11, Rev. E. D. DAVIES
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STANLEY WHITBY
SHREWSBURY, High Street, Unitarian, 11, Rev. A. H. LEWIS, 6.30, Mr. GEOFFREY EVAN
SIDMOUTH, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. MORRISON
SOUTHAMPTON, Kell Memorial Hall, Belle Vue Road, 6, ——
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Darnley Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. E. G. GREEN
SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES
ST. HELENS, Corporation Street, 6.30, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART
STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. HODGSON
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Wellington Street, 6.30, Supply
STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ROSALIND LEE
SWANSEA, Pennard Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. B. VINEY
SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. B. VINEY (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
SWINTON, Swinton Hall Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD
TAUNTON, Mary St. Chapel, 11 (and 6.30, 1st Sunday in month), Rev. W. H. CORDELL
TAVISTOCK, The Abbey Chapel, 3.15, Rev. E. H. KERSLEY
TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. G. KNIGHT
TODMORDEN, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Rev. M. JOHNSON
TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpellier Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON
TROWBRIDGE, Conigre Unitarian Church, 11 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS
WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11, Rev. EDGAR W. HILL, 6.30, Miss ELLIS
WARRINGTON, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. DRAKES
WATFORD, Friends House, Derby Rd., (by permission), 7.30, (Last Sunday in the month)
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 6.30, Mr. P. J. SPENCER
WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS
WHITBY, Flowergate Chapel, 6, Rev. W. T. WILKINS
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. BRETT DAVIES

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, N.U.F., 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. COLIN GIBSON
MELBOURNE, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2; Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m., Rev. V. JAMES
SYDNEY, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15 Francis Street (off College St.) 7.15, Rev. J. B. TOWLER. Manse Telephone LX 5321
UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIA, 1 Grice Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister: Rev. W. BUTTERSLEY. Meetings as advertised
UNITARIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH, Austin Road, Seaford (Vic.). S.S. weekly at 2.15 p.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 3.15 p.m. Minister: Rev. W. BUTTERSLEY

CANADA

MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West, and Simpson Street 11, Rev. ANDREW CARRUTHERS
TORONTO, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. W. P. JOHNSON
VANCOUVER, B. C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,550 Tenth Avenue West, 11 Rev. JOHN A. CRAIG
WINNIPEG, First Federated Church, Sargent and Beverley, 11, English, 7, Icelandic Rev. P. M. PETERSON

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 11 and 7, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
WELLINGTON, Unitarian Free Ch., Tindall's Buildings, 180 Lambton Quay, Supply

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN, Hope Street, 11, Sunday School, 7, Service, Rev. MARTIN C. RAITER

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Death

HAWORTH—On December 16, at Ipswich Hospital, the Rev. William Haworth, aged 64, devoted husband of Martha Isabel.

Derby: A special bus brought twenty-six members of Belper Unitarian Chapel to swell the gathering of over seventy people who came to say farewell to the Rev. Constance Harris at Friargate Unitarian Chapel on Sunday evening.

After tea, at which a member of the Sunday School in 1877 sat down with children of the present school, came the opportunity for people to express their affection for Miss Harris and their appreciation of her devoted and effective ministry of over five years. Mr. E. H. Coulson, the Chairman, presented a cheque as a token of the congregation's regard; Mrs. A. V. Knowles, President of the Women's League, wished her happiness for the future—especially at tea-time—as she presented cups, saucers and plates of Derby Crown china. After speaking with personal appreciation of five years of happy co-operation with Miss Harris, the Secretary, Mrs. G. G. Baily, read a letter of thanks and good wishes from the Secretary of the North Midland Association of Unitarian Churches, the Rev. H. Kemshall. Children of the Sunday School presented a bouquet and a plant, and the School Captain, June Lawrence, told Miss Harris how sorry the children were that she was going; Mrs. F. Marston, one of the teachers, added the staff's thanks for the services she had conducted monthly, the club she had founded and her unfailing helpfulness and wise counsel.

Miss Harris, responding, said that though times had been difficult and much remained to be done, she had been sustained and encouraged by the friendliness and understanding loyalty of every member of the congregation. It had been a happy ministry. Now the time was ripe for an experiment—the union under one minister of the congregations of Derby and Belper. She welcomed the presence of the Belper friends as a token of future happy co-operation and wished them well.

Mrs. Ryde, of Belper, expressed the congregation's thanks for Miss Harris' ready help in the past and their pleasure at taking part in the farewell meeting.

Doncaster: A service combining both youth and age took place on Sunday evening, November 16, when, in the presence of members of the Old Age Pensioners' Association, two of whom read the Lessons, the minister distributed to Sunday School scholars certificates awarded to them at the "Sheffield District Sunday School Arts and Crafts Festival" held the previous day; the Silver Challenge Vase won by the school was on view. Many members of the local Jewish community were present and their president read a Lesson at a well-attended service of Jews and Christians, which was conducted by the Rev. G. W. Parkinson on November 30 and addressed by Rabbi P. S. Goldberg, of Manchester, on "The Jewish Jesus and the Christian Christ"—a challenging and inspiring Unitarian sermon. Undoubtedly the service made a valuable contribution to the cause of mutual understanding and an excellent spirit of good fellowship prevailed between the two communities present. The Sale of Work opened by Mrs. Campbell Vickerman, of Huddersfield, on December 6, realised £268—exceeding the target by £18 and establishing an all-time record. A truly magnificent result!

Norwich: Octagon Chapel: The visit to Norwich of the President of the Women's League, Mrs. M. G. Mitchell, brought to the people at the Octagon Chapel a weekend of enjoyable fellowship and a renewal of contact with outside affairs.

On Saturday, November 29, Mrs. Mitchell opened the annual Sale of Work organised by the Ladies' Sewing Circle with greetings from the Central Committee and the many branches of the League she had visited during her period of office. Held in the one small part of the Martineau Hall at present available for church events, the sale realised £101.

On the following morning, Mrs. Mitchell conducted a Women's Service in the chapel and imparted something of her zeal for our churches and their women's work in a stimulating sermon on "Facing Life." The minister voiced the gratitude of the congregation for the encouragement derived from her presence and her enthusiastic leadership.

AUSTRALIA: SYDNEY: Extract from Annual Report: This year has been in many respects a very satisfying one, in which the influence of the minister and his work has begun to show results . . . We feel that the increasing financial stability is an indication of increasing loyalty and devotion to the Church and also proves we are in a state of health and vitality. We have learnt to work together with concentration and in harmony, and in giving their best for the Unitarian Cause, all have found a great deal of happiness. Another indication of our renewed life is the proposed formation of a Men's League. The need for this arose out of the fact that the men gave so much help to the Women's League in the raising of funds for the Spring Fair, that they felt they could be of valuable assistance if they functioned as a separate body . . . Again we would like to thank the Rev. J. B. Tonkin and Mrs. Tonkin for their activities and helpful enthusiasm during the year.

The Problem Circle has been meeting fortnightly with unfailing regularity during the past twelve months. Between March and September it took part in an experiment conducted by the Inquirer in community discussion under the title "Three Point Programme." . . . At other times the Circle has discussed questions raised by members covering a notably wide range of subjects. The discussions are always lively and provoking but good-humoured and all who have taken part agree that they are of great value in improving our knowledge and our understanding of other points of view.

Nantwich: On Sunday, November 15, at 3 p.m., a Memorial Service was held in memory of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Corn. The memorial was an oak tray and communion glasses, the gifts of two friends and the Sunday School scholars. Rev. E. D. Evans conducted the dedication service and members of the local branch of the Women's Legion attended the service, Mrs. Corn being in her lifetime an active and faithful member. Their son, Mr. C. T. Corn, is treasurer of the Chapel and secretary to the Trustees. On Saturday, November 29, was held the Annual Bring and Buy Sale, opened by Mrs. Clews, of Newcastle, Staffs.

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